

New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials
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Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1918

Owned and published daily by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation, 200 West 42nd Street, New York City. Editor: Rogers, Vice-President: Richard H. Lee, Secretary: J. A. Bower, Treasurer: William J. Bower, 150 Nassau Street, New York. Telephone: BR 5-0000.

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De-Kaiserized Germany

The Divine Right of Kings is outlawed.

The Kaiser has given up his title to the German people and to German territory.

He said on Friday that he could not see his way to abdicate. Yesterday he abdicated. He had taken refuge at Spa, hoping, with the support of the army chiefs at Grand Headquarters, to save his throne and dynasty.

It was too late. The spread of revolution in Germany had imperilled more than his own tenure and that of his royal and imperial house. It had jeopardized the existence of the empire and the continuance in power of Prince Max of Baden's newly "democratized" parliamentary régime. The whole political and social order in Germany was tottering. To save themselves the politicians in the Reichstag had to shake off their backs the dead weight of Hohenzollernism.

The Kaiser and the Crown Prince have been eliminated. Prussia is left without a king or an heir apparent. The other kings, the grand dukes and the reigning princes are going into exile. A national constituent assembly is to be elected to frame a new imperial constitution. Universal suffrage for all the states is to be decreed and the suffrage is to be given to women. The last great bylaw in the world of royal divine right and political autocracy has been demolished. Kaiserism has gone the way of Czarism. And time and the conditions of the armistice can alone determine how far Germany will drift toward Bolshevism and that internal chaos which has overtaken Russia.

How often have we been told that there could never be a revolution in Germany! The German people, it was argued, were too docile, too inured to discipline, too respectful of constituted authority, to rise against their masters.

There was a measure of truth in the prediction that the German public would not revolt against Kaiserism. That public has never sought freedom as an end in itself. There has never been in Germany since 1848 a genuine or widespread spirit of protest against despotism as such. The German Michel has never been a democrat. There has been no trace in his sentiments of a moral reaction against the harsh and autocratic ideal of the Prussianized state.

His attitude toward the government has been absolutely materialistic. He was for it so long as it promised returns. Germany in the last three decades has been mad for conquest, for economic expansion, for prosperity achieved by the sword, for wealth and power acquired at the expense of weaker nations. All classes were eaten up with soulless cupidity. So all classes were willing to stand by the government when it declared a war of conquest and so long thereafter as it seemed to be on the road to victory.

There was some whimpering in 1917 when German prospects darkened a little. The unrest of that time showed itself in the passage of the Reichstag resolution declaring for a peace without indemnities and annexations. But when Russia collapsed all Germany rallied again to a government which appeared to have Eastern Europe and Central Asia within its grasp.

There is only one sin which the German people have ever charged against their government—the sin of defeat. The revolution which is sweeping Germany is a revolution against a more liberalized government than the empire has ever known before. That government is being torn down not because it is trying to remain reactionary or oppressive, but because it has lost the war. Germany is turning toward Bolshevism not because it believes very much in Bolshevism, but because it wants to vent its rage against a régime which promised it the booty of two continents and failed to bring any of that booty home.

Germany at war presented for more than four years a remarkable spectacle of political unity. But that unity was artificial. It had no moral basis. It was a unity of greed. The clearest-sighted of living Germans, Dr. Wilhelm Mühlner, put on record back in the earliest days of the war his conviction that German unity, such as it was, would not withstand the shock of defeat. He described

the strong-arm means by which a solidarity of opinion had been secured. Then he made this prediction:

But let distress and defeats come, and the Potemkin village of national unity will be blown away, despite the props of military law. If any one in Germany to-day, enthused by our victorious progress, should say gloatingly that it is only a matter of a week or two before a revolution breaks out in Paris, he might be right, provided that the French army had already been destroyed. But it would not be any different in Germany if Germany should lose the war.

It has not been any different. The revolution is under way. The Kaiser has been dethroned. Yet those who have dethroned him have not changed their spots or their morality overnight. Only a chronic sentimentalist would be misled into thinking that a change of government, accomplished in much the same manner as a man changes his coat, can absolve Germany from a reckoning for her manifold crimes against humanity. It cannot free the deposed Emperor or the deposed grand dukes and princes from their responsibility for the infamies of German warfare. It leaves Germany's debts undischarged and her measure of reparation undiminished.

We did not make war on the German government. We made war on a people which supported that government in all its brutal aggressions and in its whole programme of frightfulness. A de-Kaiserized Germany is still a Germany outlawed and unrepentant. It must be dealt with as such.

Clemenceau

The majestic figure of old "Papa" Clemenceau stood forth in all its grandeur in that scene in the French Senate when he took the heartfelt thanks of his countrymen and gave them his message of deep emotion and stanch wisdom.

It has been France's glory not only that her people, her poets, her women, her children, have led the Allies in heroism, in faith, in sacrifice, but that in the crucial "last quarter of an hour" of the war she has produced the two great men of the war, the two transcendent figures to whom all the world looks with admiration and affection. Premier Clemenceau expressed his pride that the Senate had coupled his name with that of Marshal Foch. That is the verdict of all the Allies, we think, and beyond the fact words could not go.

There was a splendid humility in the Premier's words to the Senators who thronged about him—the sincere humility of a strong man. There was in addition the profoundest advice to his countrymen: "It is harder to win peace than to win the war. We must so act that France will resume the place in the world of which she is worthy. More than ever must she gather herself up; more than ever must she be disciplined and strong." "Disciplined and strong!" We think the American people are steadily coming to a realization of the demands which the coming months and years will make upon them. An armistice, peace itself, are but the beginnings of vast responsibilities in a world of fresh tests and new problems. May we find leaders in the years to come as wise and strong as this grand old man of France!

At the Abyss.

This is the day set for the Red Terror in Russia, the final act of savagery crowning a record of massacre and murder without parallel in the history of revolutions. Elsewhere on this page we give a German picture of the Bolshevik slaughters, a forecast of what may at this very moment, be staining the soil of Russia. It is peculiarly interesting, aside from its vivid detail and fact, from the light which it sheds on the German mind. Germany created, financed and loosed this monster. Now she dreads and laments the consequences, not only to her neighbor, but to herself.

Meantime the signs multiply that the paranoiac terrorists of Moscow are by no means insensible to the change that has come over their status. If to-day's final slaughter of the property-owning classes of Russia is stayed it will not be from any sentiments of justice or mercy, but simply from fear of the fate which is fast closing in upon the Bolshevik leaders. They find themselves at last ringed about by forces which are soon to call them to a stern reckoning.

Germany, in the throes of defeat, has deserted them. The new government in Berlin has broken off relations with Lenin and Trotsky, the purchased agents of the Ludendorff régime. Not a single power is left which is willing to stand between them and their fate.

It is no wonder that they are pleading for "peace negotiations" with the Allies. Only a couple of weeks ago they impudently called on the Allies to evacuate "invaded Russian territory" as a preliminary to a peace of understanding. Since then they have had the effrontery to offer to allow the Czech-Slovak forces in Siberia and Eastern Russia to return to Slovakia, stipulating that the latter should lay down their arms. The Czech-Slovaks do not need permission from Moscow to return home. They will return on their own terms. If they are in a hurry the way is already open to them down the Volga to the Black Sea, which will soon be under Allied control. No Czech-Slovak would dream of accepting a safe conduct through Russia as a gift from the murderers in Moscow, whose doom is already in sight.

On what basis could the Soviet government expect to make peace with the Allies? It betrayed Russia to Germany. It has been a malignant enemy of the Allied cause. It is a noxious criminal growth—a pure military despotism existing by virtue of wholesale assassination. It does not represent Russia. It is neither Russian nor Slav. It was built on German subsidies and has been

kept in power by Lettish mercenaries. On any fair application of the principles of "self-determination" and political morality its heads would be haled unceremoniously before a court martial and sent to face a firing squad.

The Allies have now ample forces in hand with which to purge Moscow and Petrograd of the criminals making there as a Russian government, to free Russia of Soviet terrorism and to restore order and at least a semblance of a nationalistic régime. That is one of the urgent duties of world pacification. It will be performed without any regard to the protests or feelings of the Lenin and Trotsky coterie of cutthroats. They are outlaws. The blood of tens of thousands of murdered non-combatants is on their hands. They will pay their full debt to justice. And of their infamous reign of savagery only a ghastly memory will remain.

For the sake of Russia in the years to come may to-day's threatened massacre not be added to the long roll of terrorism which has gone before and which has already drained the nation of her best blood.

In a Railroad Car

That railroad car, somewhere in France, wherein a marshal of France read the fate of a nation to German delegates seeking peace is likely to pass into history along with the Appomattox apple tree. It is an unforgettable picture in its simplicity and directness. When General Foch entered the Versailles conference he was described as entering alone, without staff or attendants. The picture in the railroad car is of a piece with this democratic straightforwardness.

The terms of the armistice are the essential part of the negotiations. But simple physical facts take a more powerful hold upon a people's imagination. And for the people of Germany, as for the peoples of the world, now and in the years to come, the unforgettable fact will be that German delegates, through the petition of their government, went to France to beg peace. They who had been so arrogant crossed the line blindfolded—a routine military precaution, yet not without its part in the historic picture. Since Henry IV, Holy Roman Emperor, went to Canossa and waited in a courtyard for a Papal absolution there has been no more utter and humiliating act of submission by a great power.

That scene in a railroad car, with its import and consequences, is the most wholesome event in the history of the German nation. May its significance sink in and remain to warn and humble.

Dr. John H. Finley, State Commissioner of Education, has recently returned from the Holy Land. He went from Egypt to Palestine by airplane in two hours. It took the children of Israel forty years to cover that distance.

"Ding's" War Service

James B. Weaver, in The Des Moines Register

IN THESE last great days, and they are the last, when the blond beast of German militarism is snarling in futile rage at the glittering bayonets that hedge about his lair, there is, in the language of Admiral Schley, for every man and woman who has loyally served the nation in the world crisis, "glory enough to go around." A share may be appropriated by the humblest private in the ranks, both in civil and military life, quite as rightfully as by those who bear the names that fill the headlines. Let us beware, indeed, of him who in the days just ahead would capitalize his service for personal ends.

In thinking over the last four years of public discussion, however, I am sure we are all alike thankful for certain voices that have especially helped America to visualize clearly the tremendous issues that have inhered in the world drama, and I may be pardoned, I feel certain, if I yield to a pride for a moment to mention just at this time one outstanding name. It is that of Jay N. Darling.

Darling's unfailing grasp of the underlying thought of the Allies as it gathered in power and determination, and his thoroughly distinctive and always delightful technical skill, have won for him, and we are all proud of it, the very front rank among the world's cartoonists, and made of his pencil one of the vibrant moral forces in the great spiritual contest now reaching its climax.

I speak of a spiritual contest, for Germany's challenge to the soul of humanity, if unrestricted, meant the moral atrophy of the world. The marshalled material power of the Allies was but the vehicle of their determination, the thunder of their guns, the voice that sounded their spiritual purpose.

I remember as a boy the cartoons of Thomas Nast, the Andy Johnson régime, the Greeley campaign, the Tweed scandal, etc. His fame is secure as the pioneer among those who have portrayed the daily thought and purpose of a people, and his cartoons are an imperishable part of the history of certain great periods. But Darling's work is broader in its scope, moves in a far more complex world, shows a keener technical skill, and in the last four years has had in challenge and inspiration a drama immeasurably deeper in import than that of any other period in the world's history, save one.

War Names in the News

Maubeuge.....mo-bush (o as in
so; u as in blur)
Avesnes.....a-vayn
Charleroi.....sharl-rwah
Mézières.....mayz-eear
Bois de la Montagne.....duh-lah-mahn
tany (Aret u as in
up)
Bazilles.....ba-zay
Frenois.....fren-wah (u as in
up)
Thon.....taun
Anting.....an-twan
* Nasal n.

An Anzac Poet

Signaller Tom Skeyhill

The author of these verses is Signaller Tom Skeyhill, of the 8th Anzacs. He served through the Gallipoli campaign, was twice wounded and finally blinded fighting the Turks. He was sightless for two years, recovering his vision in Washington last May. As a speaker for the Red Cross and the Liberty Loan he did extraordinary work, raising \$20,000 for the latter at the Metropolitan Opera House on October 9. In Australia, his native country, he is known as "The Soldier Poet," and his books of verses have had a wide sale there. He is the author of "The Soldier Songs of Anzac" and "Poems of the Peninsula." Another book of soldier verse, "Songs of an Anzac," is to be published shortly by Doubleday, Page & Co., and it is from this collection that these poems are taken. He was on the French hospital ship on which Rupert Brooke died, and he knew him well.

Death

THERE, where poppies bloom, and fields are scarred
With unknown heroes' graves, remorseless, numb,
And swifter than the lightning it may come
From unknown depths where earthly joys are barred,
Where Love is lost, the quickening pulse is still
And Death's rhythmic beat is audible.
Or in the trench where golden hearted Truth,
Clad in the panoply of grace and right,
Sublimely pours the sweet red wine of youth
A surf of blood upon the sea of Might.

Think This of Me

FRIENDS, I am no longer the careless lad
You knew so well in days of Peace.
War brings
Swift maturity and the selfish things
And thoughts are mine no more. Instead
There rings
A nobler sense within and I am glad
That it is so. For two years I have had
The company of heroes, purple clad,
Baited like eagles and prouder than kings.

Hurrah! I March to Fight the Foe

HURRAH! Hurrah! I march to fight the foe
And satiate this consummate desire
That bids me leave my native land and go
Where foreign fields will glut my youthful ire
With strange adventures and the red romance
Of battle with the foe that sacked Louvain
And ribbed the purple hills of Northern France
With desolate despair and outraged slain!
Hurrah! Hurrah! I march on through the night
To tread the sacred scarp where comrades lie
In ditches deep! Perhaps where cannon boom
Some darkened gallery may be my tomb.
If so I offer thanks to Him on high
For grand it is in Freedom's Cause to die.

My Little Wet Home in the Trench

(Written on the firing line)
I'VE a little wet home in the trench
Which the rain storms continually drench
Blue sky overhead
Mud and clay for a bed
And the stone that we use for a bench.
Bully beef and hard biscuits we chew
It seems years since we tasted a stew
Shells crackle and scare
But no place can compare
With my little wet home in the trench.

Our friends in the trench all the way
Seem to know that we've come here to stay,
They rush and they shout,
But they can't get us out,
Though there's no dirty trick they don't play.
They rushed us a few nights ago,
But we don't like intruders, and so
Some departed quite sore,
Others sleep evermore,
Near my little wet home in the trench.

Exultation

I AM content and in each pulsing vein
An exultation born of triumph appears
And here amidst the wounded and the slain
I cast aside the foolishness of years
To vindicate the promise of my blood again.
God knows, oft in the waywardness of youth
I've staggered blindly from the path of truth.
To take the trail where lust and joy were real.
At least I thought them real—and thus perchance
Have stained my pedigree and damned my zeal,
Had I not taken up the sword for France.

And So the Days Go By

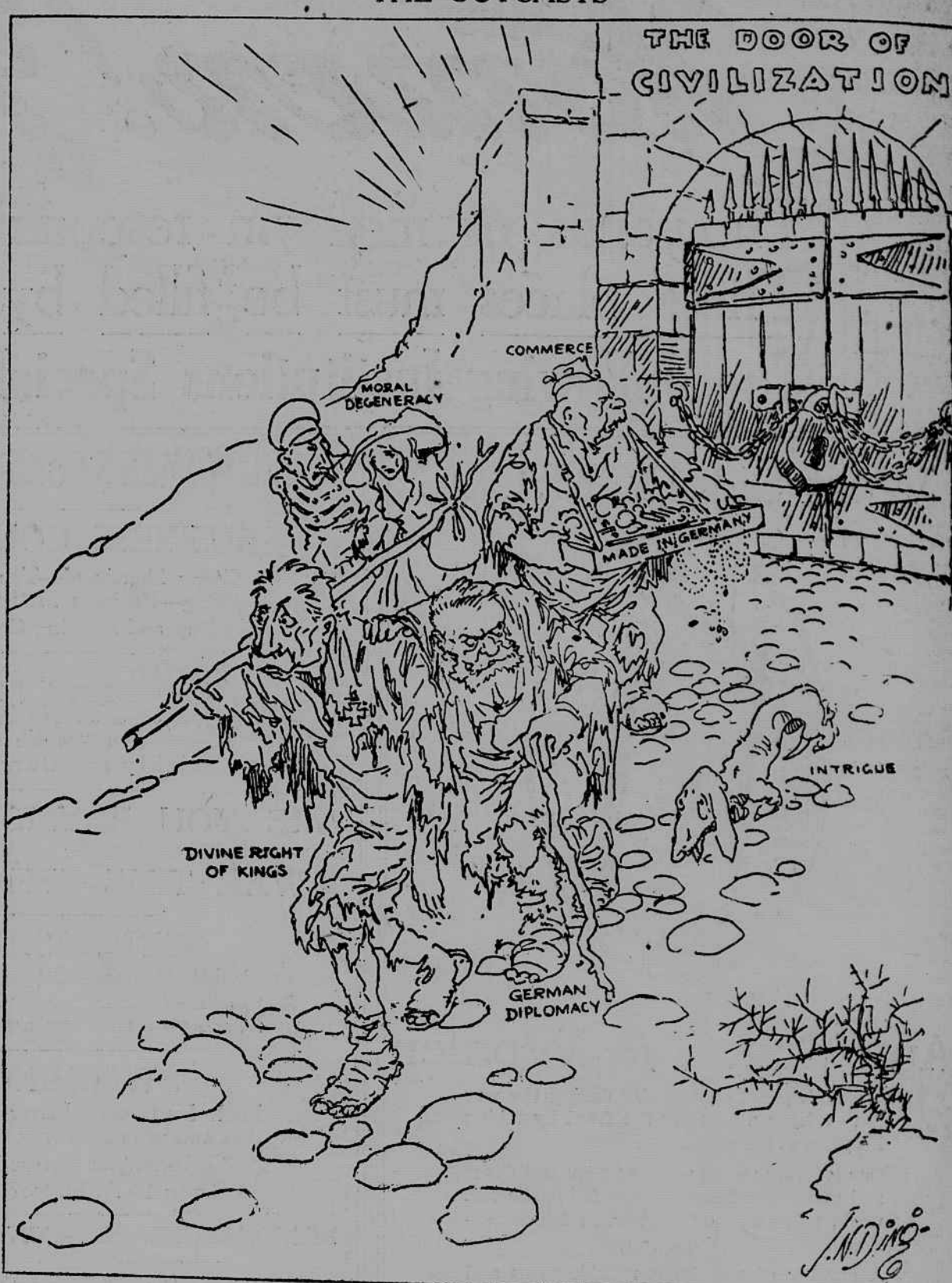
(From Poetry)
AND so the days go by.
All filled with majesty and stateliness.
The eastways slant of the morning beams,
So fresh,
Turns subtly into noon,
And with a secrecy beyond belief
The hours pass
And the long rays slant into the west.
They tint the heavy phlox-heads red like fire,
And make black shadow of the pale wild currant.
The hills beyond the lake drift far away,
Unreal and blue.

Unreal and pure and Fey—
(Oh, the long hour and the rising mist!)—
Is the frail beauty of the twilight grey!
HELEN LOUISE BIRCH

Foch

FOUR long years you waited as you
faced the Hun,
Outnumbered man for man and gun for gun.
But, oh! the anguish of your prayer at night—
"God give me men to carry on Thy fight!"
And, lo! the waters parted; see, they've come!
The night is ended and the day begun.
GEORGE S. TREVOR.
Aviation Field No. 2.

THE OUTCASTS



At the Abyss!

TO-DAY, November 10, is the date set for the greatest atrocity ever staged in this world, namely, the massacre of all the property-owning and middle class people of Russia by the Bolsheviks, who intend at one stroke to exterminate the hated bourgeoisie. It has been in contemplation for a long time. Elaborate preparations have been made. Last week the Russians appealed to the Allies to save their country from this unimaginable calamity—but how?

The following article, reprinted in "The New Europe," from the "Frankfurter Zeitung" of September 27, gives a remarkable picture of the Russian background, from the German point of view. It is a picture of twofold interest, showing as it does the Russian terror and the German's horror of the thing he helped to set loose in the world.

IF THE world were not so divided that what is said in any one part of it fails to carry weight, the time would now be ripe formally to protest against what is happening in unhappy Russia. The moment has arrived for the whole of humanity to make an appeal against the horrible things that are occurring in all Russian towns: the organized extermination of an entire class of society, as well as the destruction of countless lives.

It is an immense massacre of St. Bartholomew which has thrown its deadly shadow over Russia in these last days of September.

The cities of Moscow and Petrograd tremble. There is not a soul left in these cities who is sure of his life. No matter whether guilty or innocent, by reason of a mere suspicion, or according to lists promiscuously compiled, people are daily arrested by the Special Commission, sent to the verminous, overfilled prisons and shot after a few hours. They are usually shot in the early hours of the morning, under the brilliant light of the searchlights of the motor lorries which are loaded with victims, either in the little wood of Semenovskaya Sastava, or on the Chodynka Field.

Houses and furniture are requisitioned in all parts of the town; evacuation orders spare neither the small bourgeois families living in lodgings nor the rich in the great boulevards. There are neither sufficient vehicles nor workmen available to cope with the numberless removals. Families with small children have to pass the night in the street. In certain houses only pianos, pictures and clocks are requisitioned by the evacuation committees for their clubs. Sailor committees make sure of the richest houses for themselves, and those left in charge appropriate for their own use the works of art or the wine cellar.

The whole of Moscow is shaken by the Terror as by an ague, and the Terror is, in the first place, born of revenge. After the attempts on Uritski and Lenin, and when the plan for a new revolution supported by the English and French had been betrayed, the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" announced by the Bolsheviks rapidly grew to a general terror. A general terror is, above all, the extreme reaction against the deeds of a political party which had, from the beginning, included terror in its theoretical programme. The theory of the Communists is based on the principle that man is to be considered as the product of conditions; the social struggle is, therefore, to be carried on with the aim of attaining a radical improvement of conditions. But the men-

are over 100 German officials, who, in spite of the protests of the German Consulate General, have not yet been released; they have on the contrary been distributed among all the most distant prisons of the town. Suburban trains are guarded in the railway stations, in order to prevent people leaving.

The best known personages of the Czarist government had already been brought to Moscow several months before and were imprisoned in the Kremlin, where General Brusilov had also been taken. The only thing that could be brought up against Brusilov was the fear that he might possibly play the part of a Skoropadsky in the event of the entry of foreign troops. According to a local newspaper, twenty-nine of these former dignitaries were shot without trial, simply by order of the special commission.

The official Red Terror in Russia—which may any day become too strong for its originators—is already being blended with the Gray Terror of anarchy. In broad daylight money and goods are taken in the open streets by armed hordes, but the newspapers do not publish much on that subject; though what does appear in them daily is quite sufficient. Last Sunday the beautiful bells of the Saviour's Church in Moscow were silent for the first time; this most beautiful of Russian cathedrals, the white walls and gleaming cupolas of which are a landmark visible from afar, is closed. On the previous night burglars had broken in and stolen all the valuable mass utensils, vestments, flags and pictures—even the silver mountings of the Gospels disappeared. From the neighboring villages reports are heard of organized hordes attacking estates, cottages and large country houses.

Red Tape

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Information reaches this society—and appears to rest upon a substantial basis of fact—that, through the generosity and enterprise of the American Red Cross, the French and Italian armies are being supplied gratis, to the extent of thousands of gallons, with an anesthetic which they had been using for more than two years in smaller quantities and which being capable of and intended for local application eliminates all pain in the removing and changing of bandages and the dressing of wounds and gives first aid relief for pain on the battlefield. Also, that because of red tape the American wounded would continue to lack this very material relief. Any one who has had a gauze bandage removed from a wound will need no description of the intensity of the suffering endured in the process. Can this state of affairs be remedied—assuming that the fact is as stated? Verification can be had, we are informed, by calling to the American Red Cross in Paris and to the medical departments of the French and Italian armies. Since the medical department of our army has not acted at all in the matter (as we are told), it would seem that direct action by the Secretary of War is called for, and it is recommended, therefore, that the relatives of all wounded men telegraph him immediately respectfully requesting that he act at once. It is further respectfully suggested that if he ascertains by cable that the fact is as stated, he should cable instructions immediately directing the instant employment of this anesthetic which the American Red Cross supplies gratis in large quantities.

GEORGE ETHERIDGE
Chairman Committee on Anesthetics
H. D. CRAIG
Secretary American Defense Society
New York, Nov. 8, 1918.